

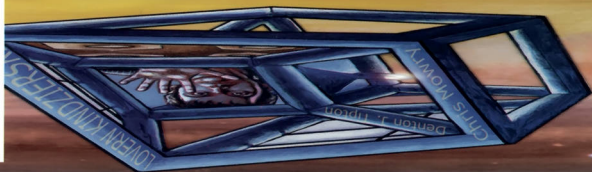
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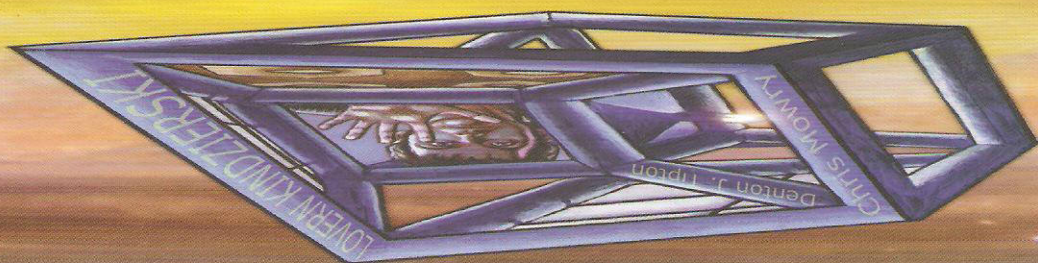
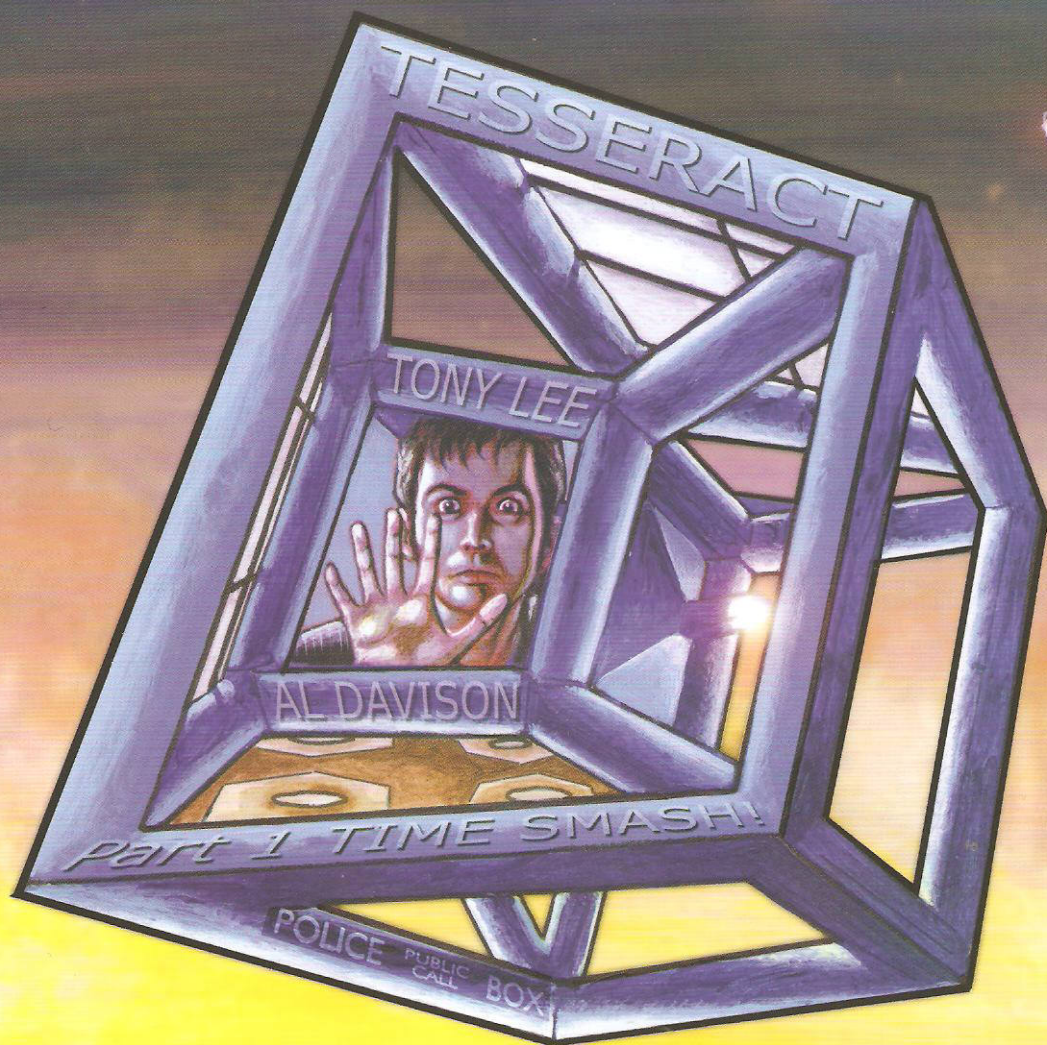


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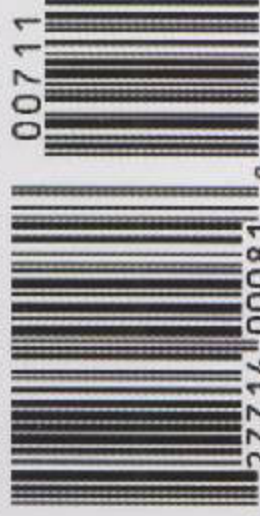


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He's a Time Lord from the planet Gallifrey. He's more than 900 years old. If there's danger, he's the man who's going to save your life—and everyone on your planet. Got a problem with that?



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Doctor Who #7 • Tessaract Part 1 of 2 : Time Smash



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Letters by >> **Neil Uyetake**

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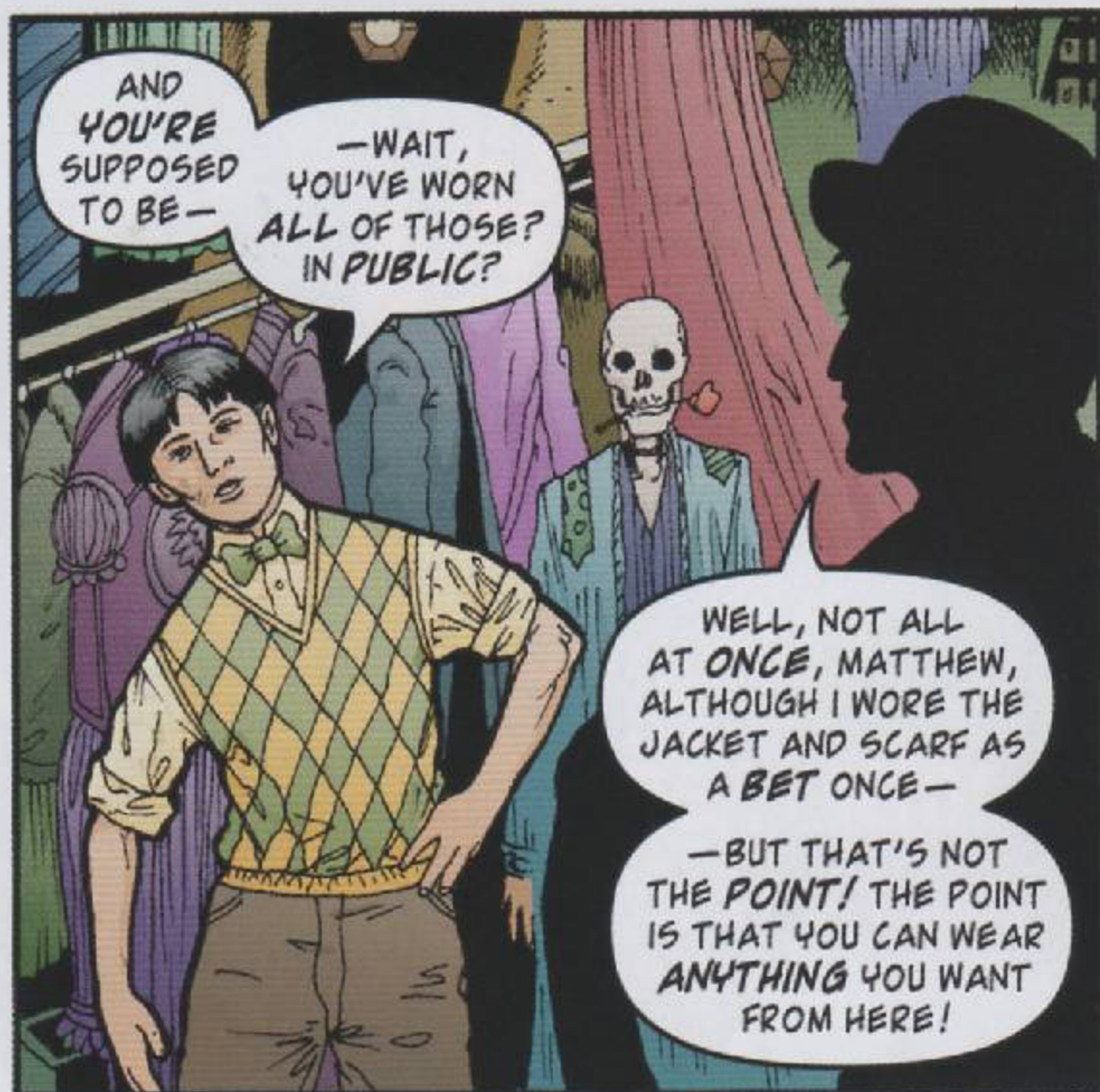
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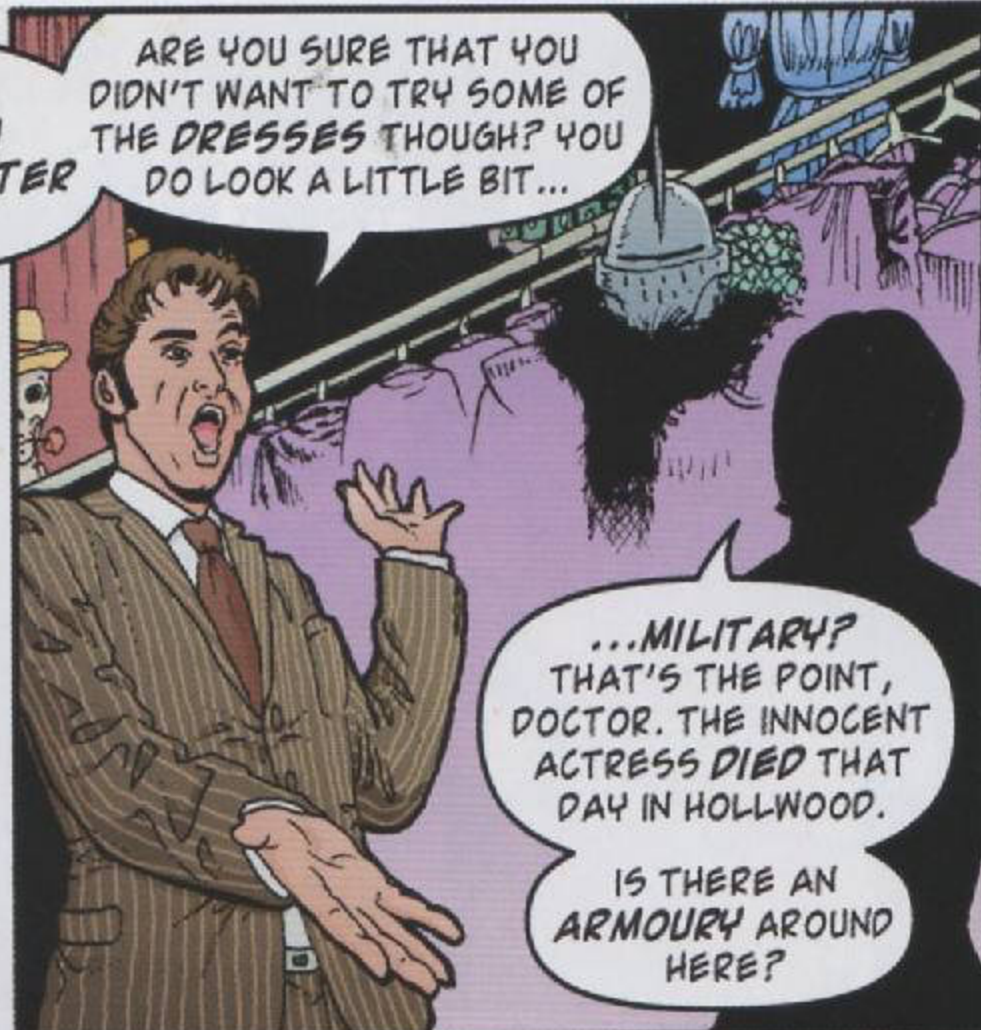


TA-DAH!





EMILY WINTER!
LOOK AT YOU! NOW
THERE'S A GO-GETTER
ADVENTURESS!



...MILITARY?
THAT'S THE POINT,
DOCTOR. THE INNOCENT
ACTRESS DIED THAT
DAY IN HOLLYWOOD.

IS THERE AN
ARMOURY AROUND
HERE?



OH, THAT'S ALL
RIGHT. I'LL JUST
TAKE THAT ONE
THERE—





SO ANYWAY, I
THOUGHT WE WERE
GOING SOMEWHERE
EXCITING?

SO FAR WE'VE
JUST SAT HERE
DOING NOTHING!

THAT'S BECAUSE I
NEEDED TO RE-TUNE THE
CROSS-DIMENSIONAL
AXIONISER TO A
POLY-CONSTRUCTIONAL
BINARY ARRAY.

THAT SOUNDS...
COMPLICATED.

WHAT DO YOU
HAVE TO DO TO
RE-TUNE IT?



I AIM
MY SONIC
SCREWDRIIVER
AT THIS.



YOU SEE, I
JUST POINT AND
CLICK, IT GOES
WHIZZY WHIZZY,
AND BOB'S YOUR
UNCLE—

WHIZZZZZZ



RUMMMM BELLLEEE

BONG

BONG



THE
CLOISTER BELL!
SOMETHING'S HIT
THE TARDIS!

BUT TO DO THAT
THEY MUST HAVE
BREACHED THE
SHIELD!

BUT HOW DID
THEY MANAGE
THAT?





HOLD ON!
I'VE GOT A
PLAN!



DOCTOR!
GRAB THIS!



COME ON!
HEAVE!



IT'S GONE.
THE CONSOLE
ROOM HAS
MOVED.

I CAN'T GET
US OUT OF
THIS!

SO WHAT
NOW?



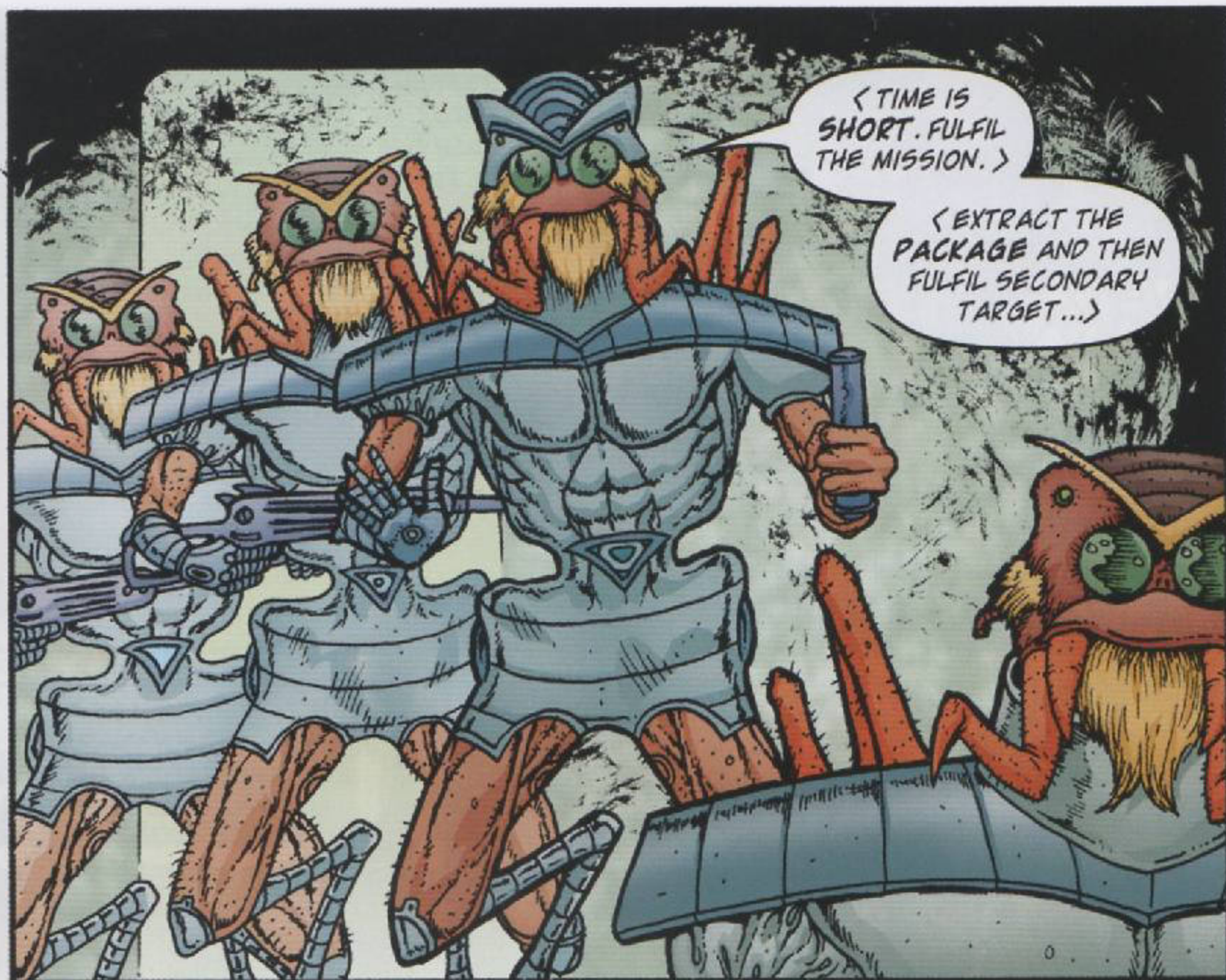
SOMETHING'S
COMING FOR US.
THEY'VE MADE SURE
THAT WE CAN'T
ESCAPE.

SO, WE KEEP
ONE STEP
AHEAD OF
THEM.



ELSEWHERE.

CLANG

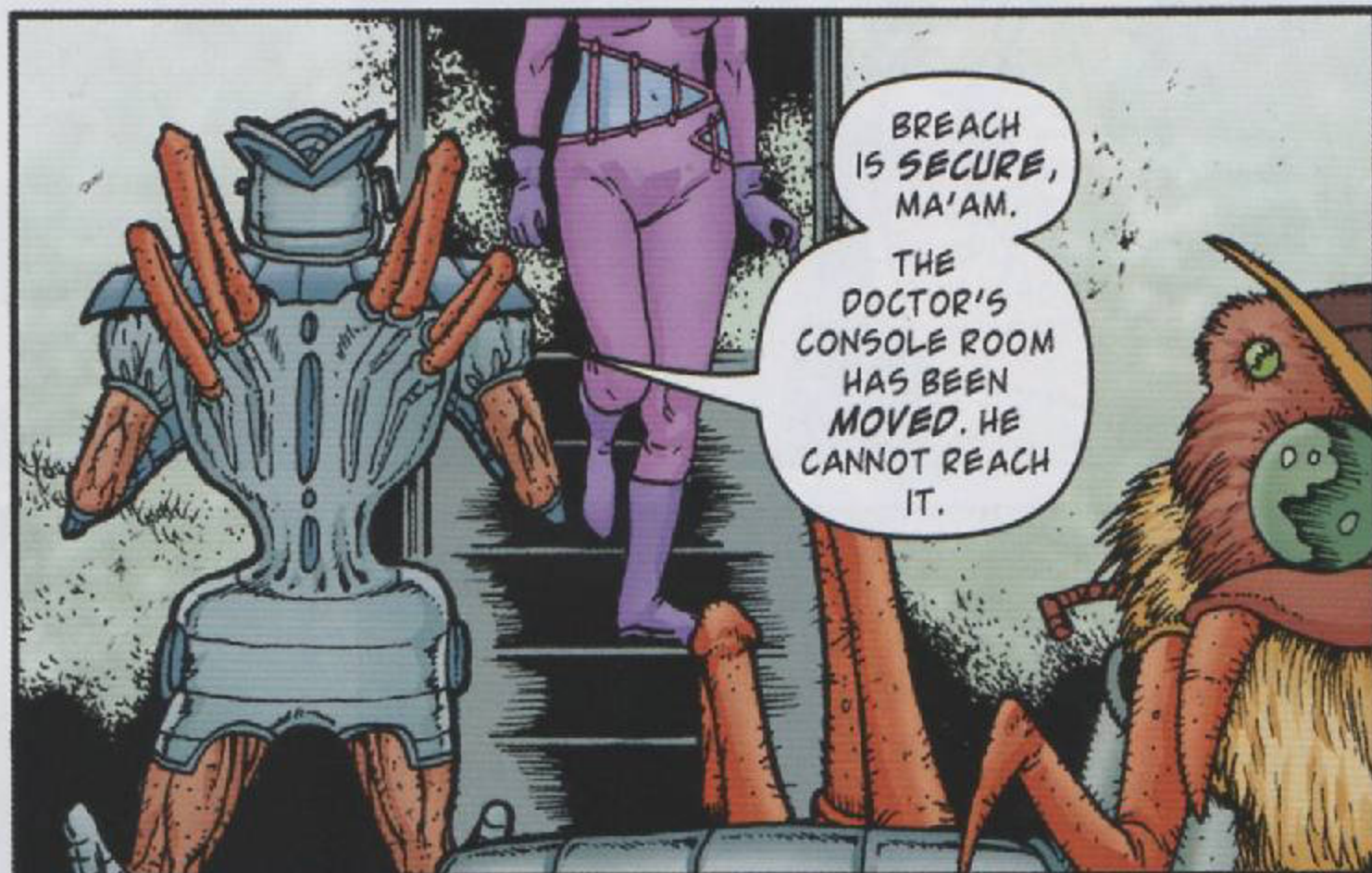


< TIME IS
SHORT. FULFIL
THE MISSION. >

< EXTRACT THE
PACKAGE AND THEN
FULFIL SECONDARY
TARGET... >

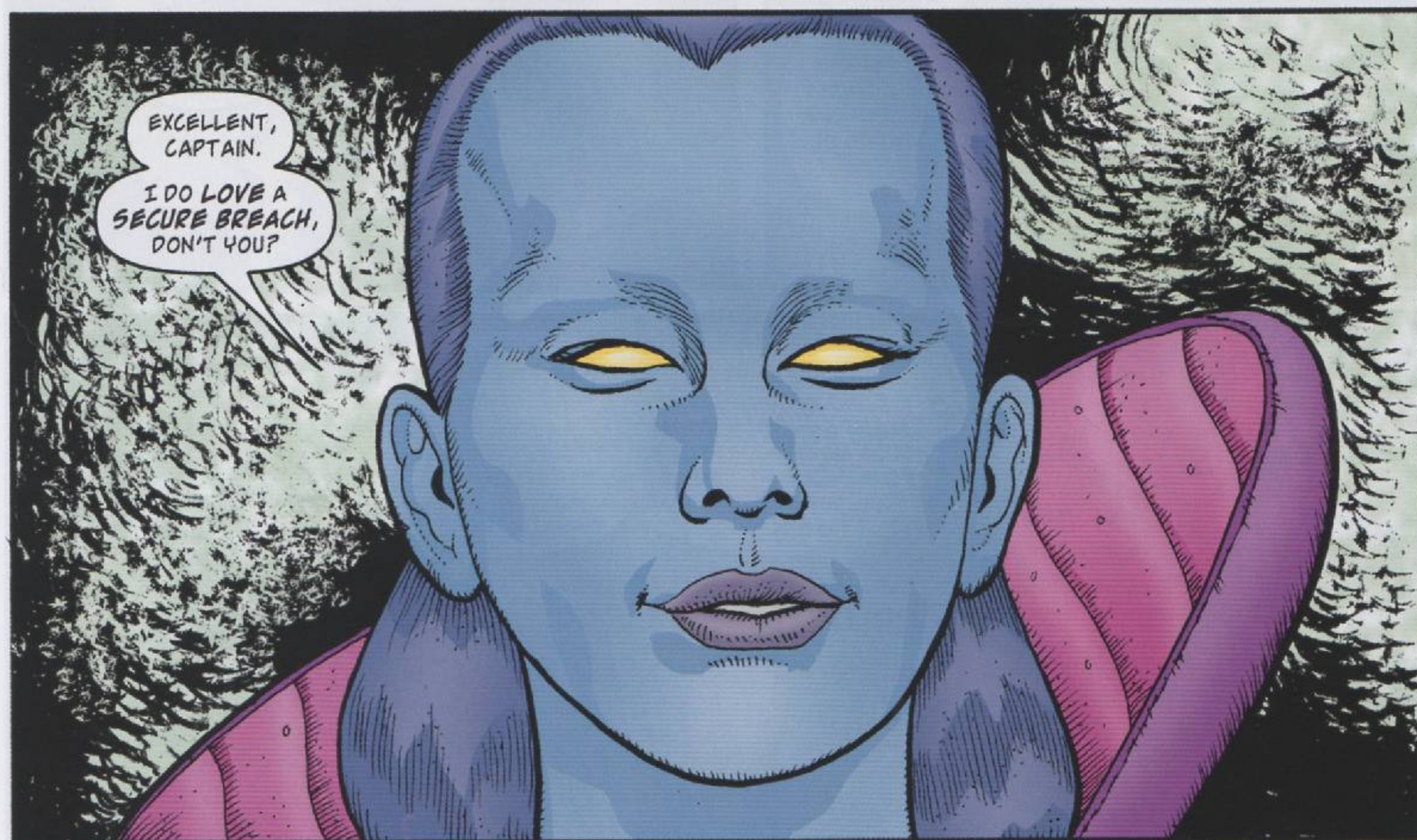


< ...KILL THE
DOCTOR. >



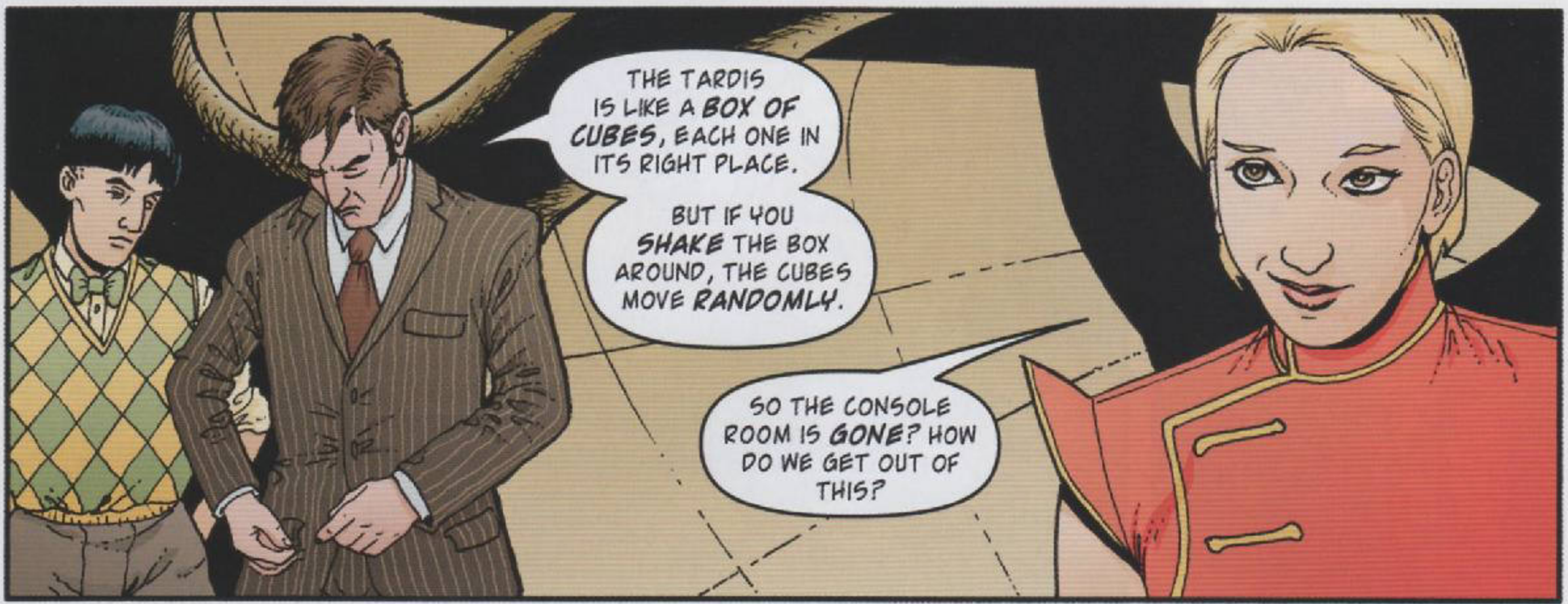
BREACH
IS SECURE,
MA'AM.

THE
DOCTOR'S
CONSOLE ROOM
HAS BEEN
MOVED. HE
CANNOT REACH
IT.



EXCELLENT,
CAPTAIN.

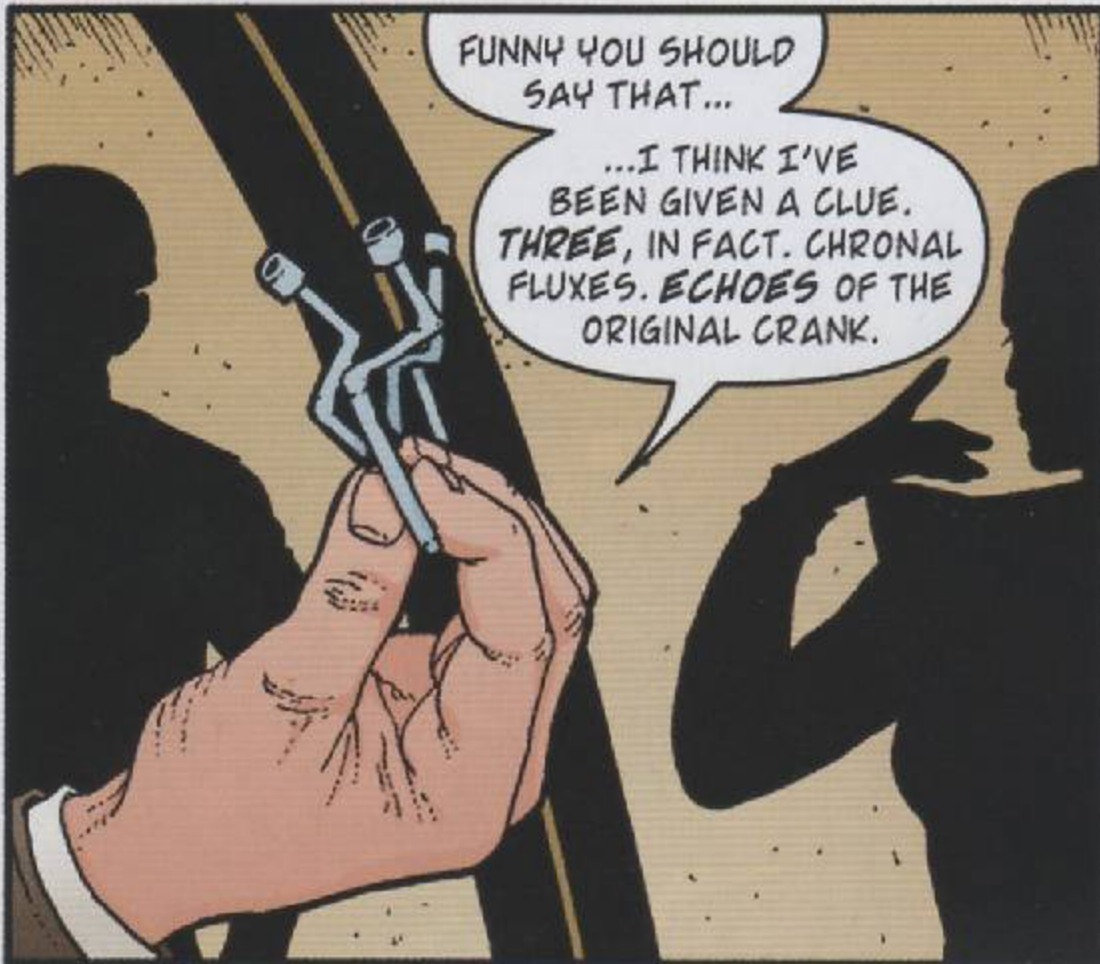
I DO LOVE A
SECURE BREACH,
DON'T YOU?



THE TARDIS
IS LIKE A BOX OF
CUBES, EACH ONE IN
ITS RIGHT PLACE.

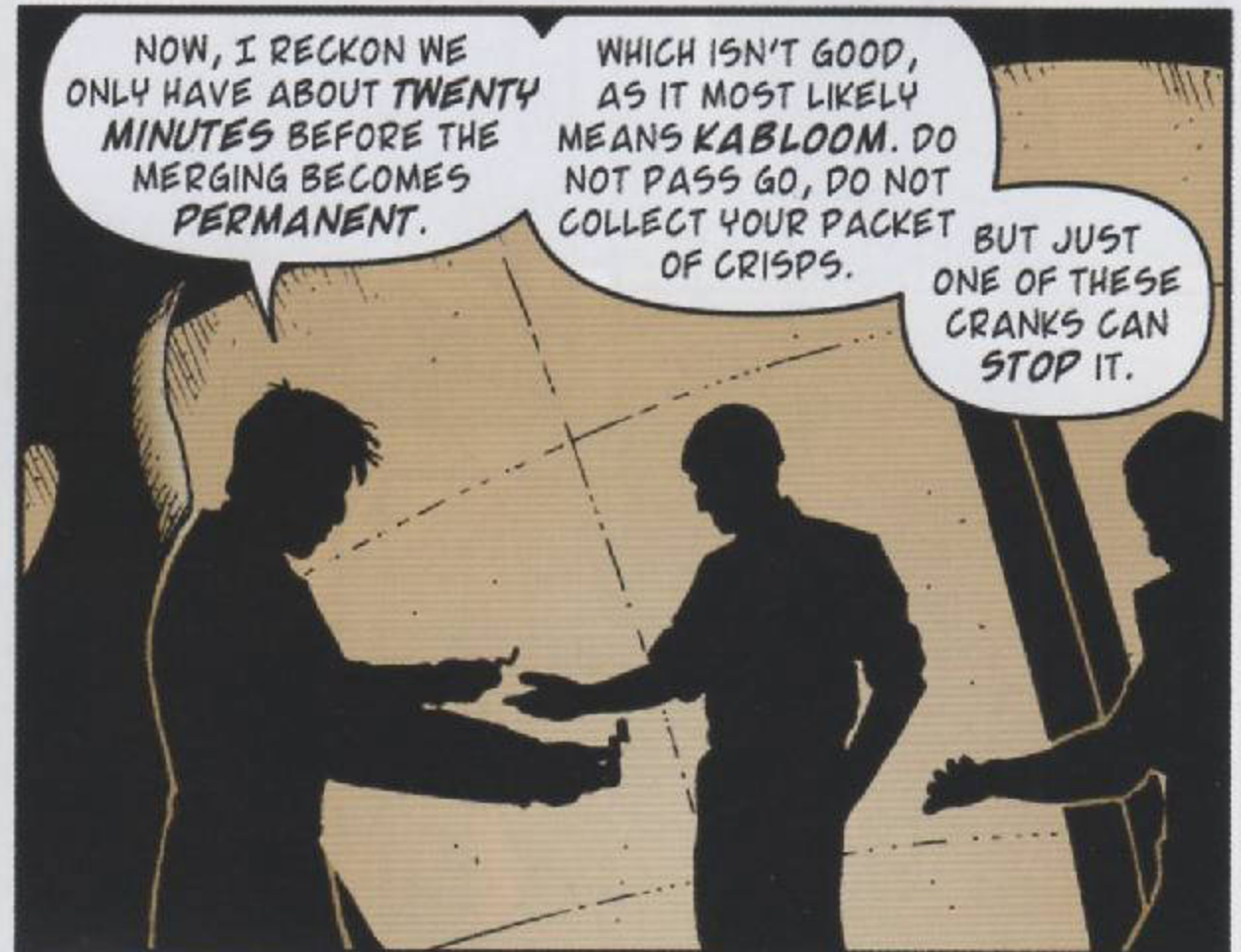
BUT IF YOU
SHAKE THE BOX
AROUND, THE CUBES
MOVE RANDOMLY.

SO THE CONSOLE
ROOM IS GONE? HOW
DO WE GET OUT OF
THIS?



FUNNY YOU SHOULD
SAY THAT...

...I THINK I'VE
BEEN GIVEN A CLUE.
THREE, IN FACT. CHRONAL
FLUXES. ECHOES OF THE
ORIGINAL CRANK.



NOW, I RECKON WE
ONLY HAVE ABOUT **TWENTY**
MINUTES BEFORE THE
MERGING BECOMES
PERMANENT.

WHICH ISN'T GOOD,
AS IT MOST LIKELY
MEANS **KABLOOM**. DO
NOT PASS GO, DO NOT
COLLECT YOUR PACKET
OF CRISPS.

BUT JUST
ONE OF THESE
CRANKS CAN
STOP IT.



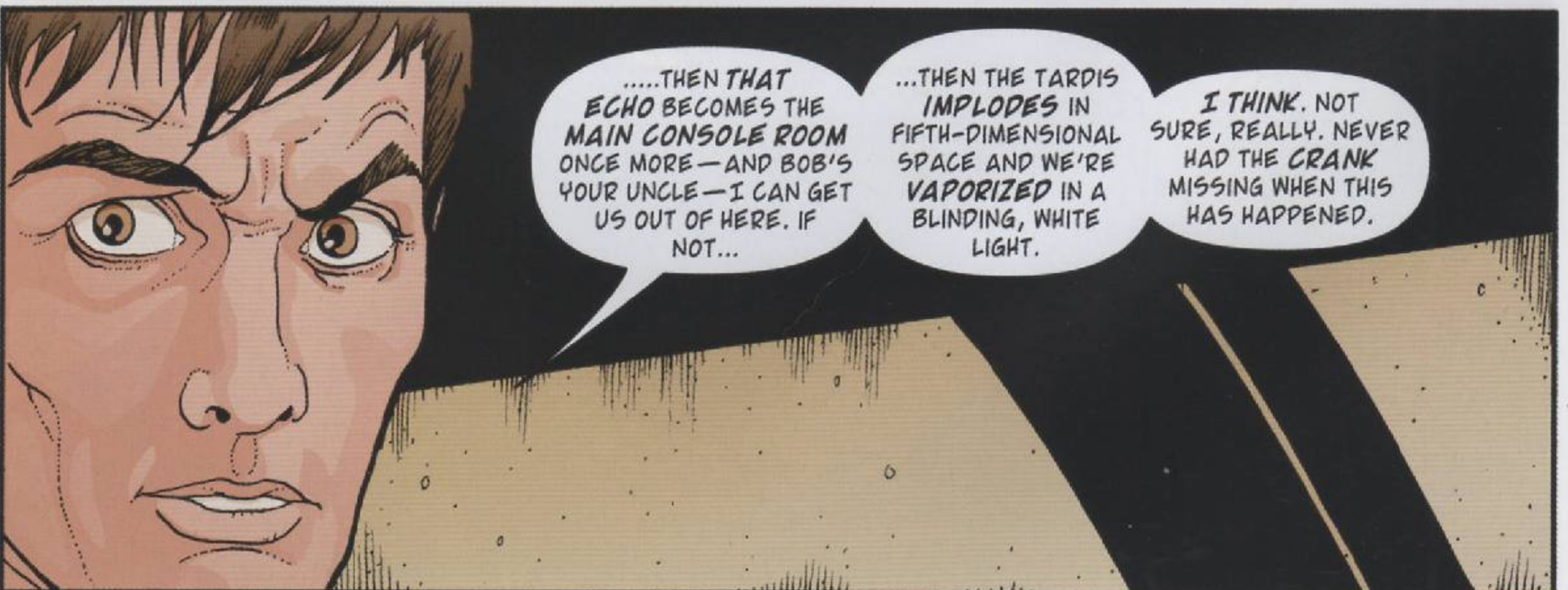
SO,
WE NEED
TO AVOID
WHATEVER'S IN
THAT SHIP, FIND
AN ECHO OF A
CONSOLE
ROOM...

...AND THEN WE
NEED TO PUT ONE
OF THESE **ECHOES**
INTO THE CONSOLE
THAT STANDS IN
THE MIDDLE
OF IT.



THE TARDIS IS **FULL**
OF OLD CONSOLE ROOMS...
STANDS TO REASON WE'LL
FIND ONE TO STICK
A CRANK IN.

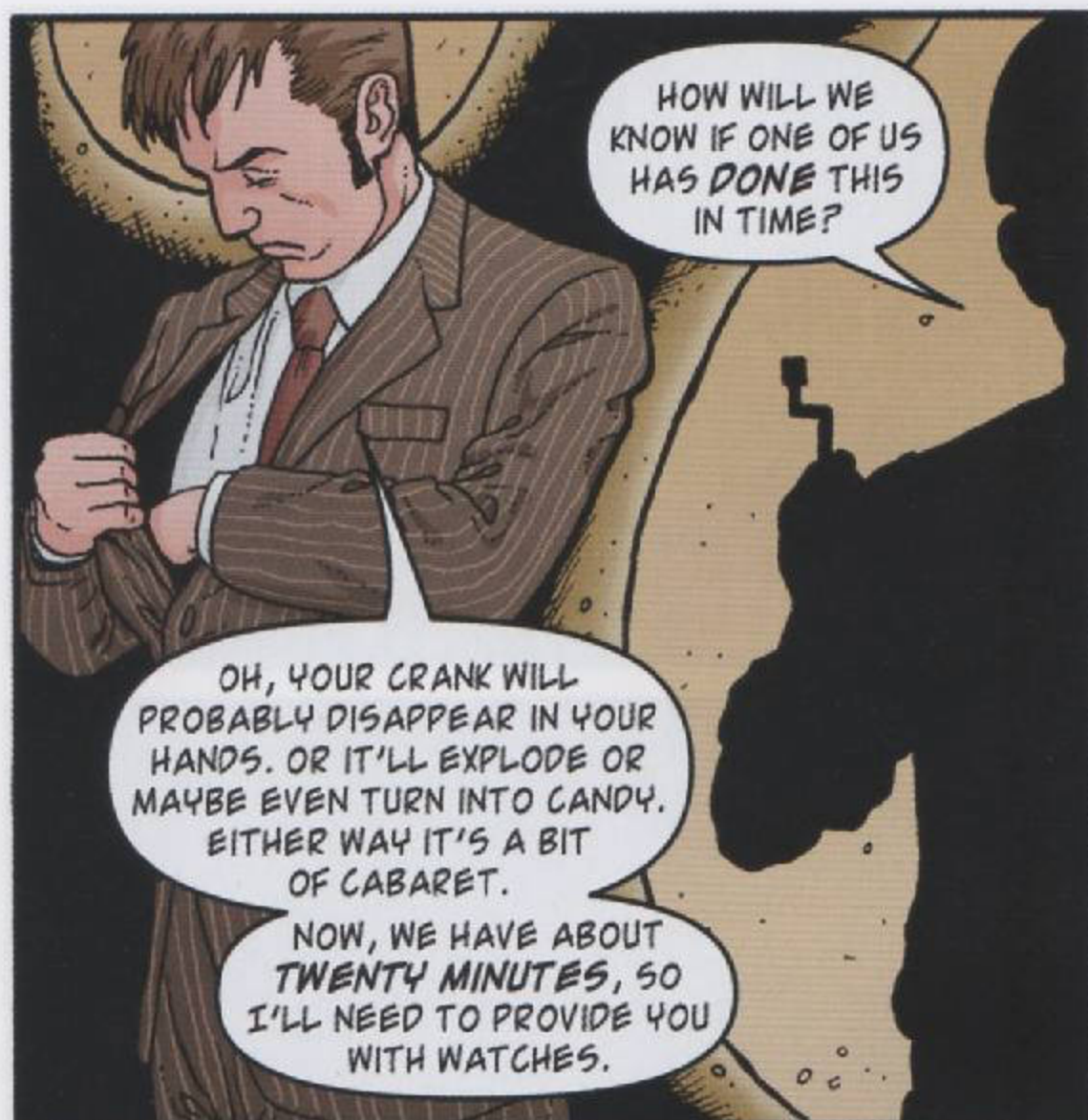
IF WE CAN
GET ONE OF
THESE INTO A
CONSOLE
BEFORE THE
TIME RUNS
OUT...



.....THEN THAT
ECHO BECOMES THE
MAIN CONSOLE ROOM
ONCE MORE — AND BOB'S
YOUR UNCLE — I CAN GET
US OUT OF HERE. IF
NOT...

...THEN THE TARDIS
IMPLODES IN
FIFTH-DIMENSIONAL
SPACE AND WE'RE
VAPORIZED IN A
BLINDING, WHITE
LIGHT.

I THINK. NOT
SURE, REALLY. NEVER
HAD THE **CRANK**
MISSING WHEN THIS
HAS HAPPENED.



HOW WILL WE KNOW IF ONE OF US HAS DONE THIS IN TIME?

OH, YOUR CRANK WILL PROBABLY DISAPPEAR IN YOUR HANDS. OR IT'LL EXPLODE OR MAYBE EVEN TURN INTO CANDY. EITHER WAY IT'S A BIT OF CABARET.

NOW, WE HAVE ABOUT **TWENTY MINUTES**, SO I'LL NEED TO PROVIDE YOU WITH WATCHES.

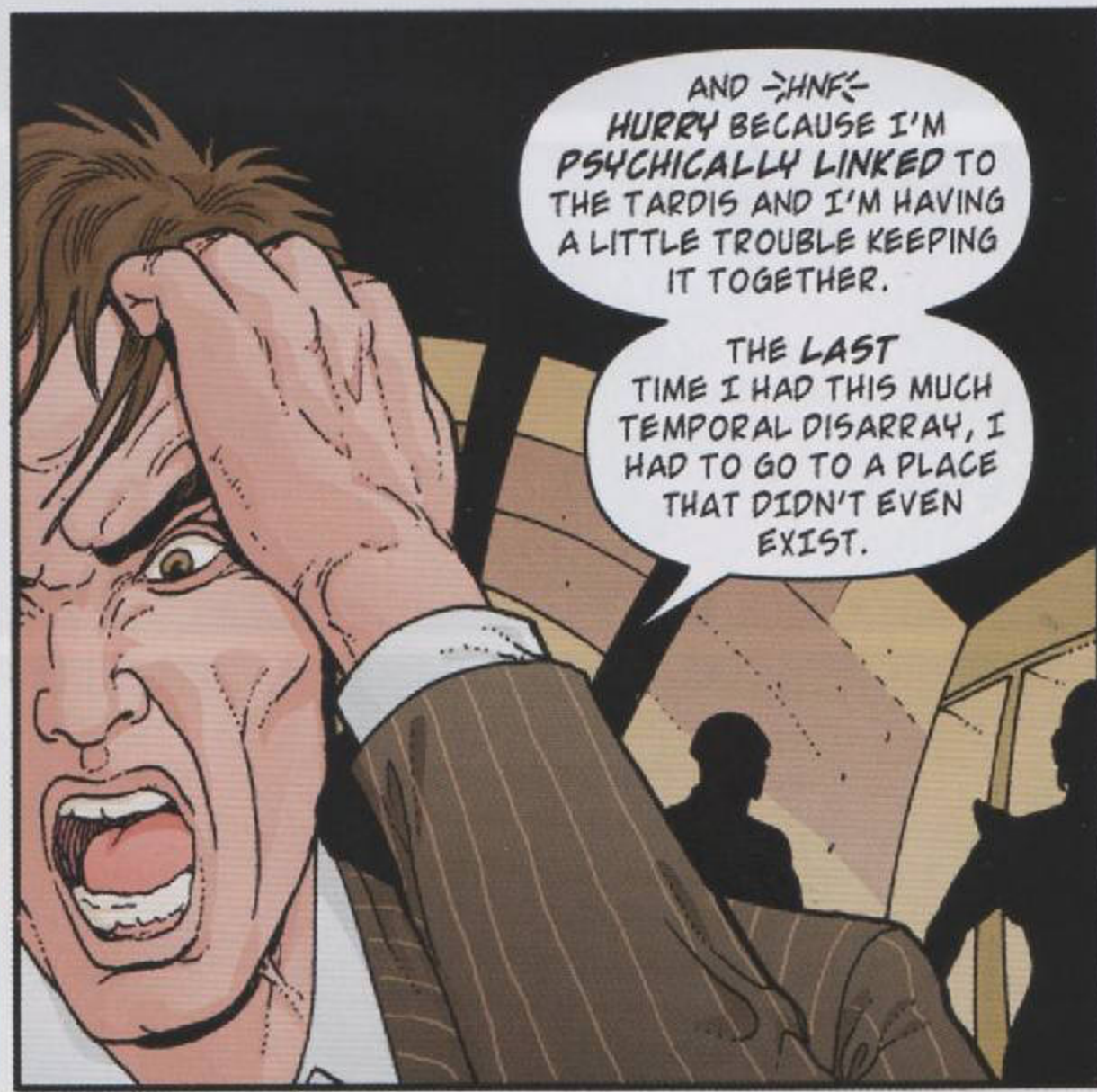


WHO WANTS MICKEY?



MATTHEW, GO WEST. EMILY, GO EAST.

CHECK EACH ROOM. NO EXCEPTIONS. THE ROOMS COULD BE ANYWHERE.



AND ~~SHNE~~ HURRY BECAUSE I'M PSYCHICALLY LINKED TO THE TARDIS AND I'M HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE KEEPING IT TOGETHER.

THE LAST TIME I HAD THIS MUCH TEMPORAL DISARRAY, I HAD TO GO TO A PLACE THAT DIDN'T EVEN EXIST.



LISTEN THOUGH, IF YOU SEE ANYTHING OUT THERE THAT LOOKS WRONG...

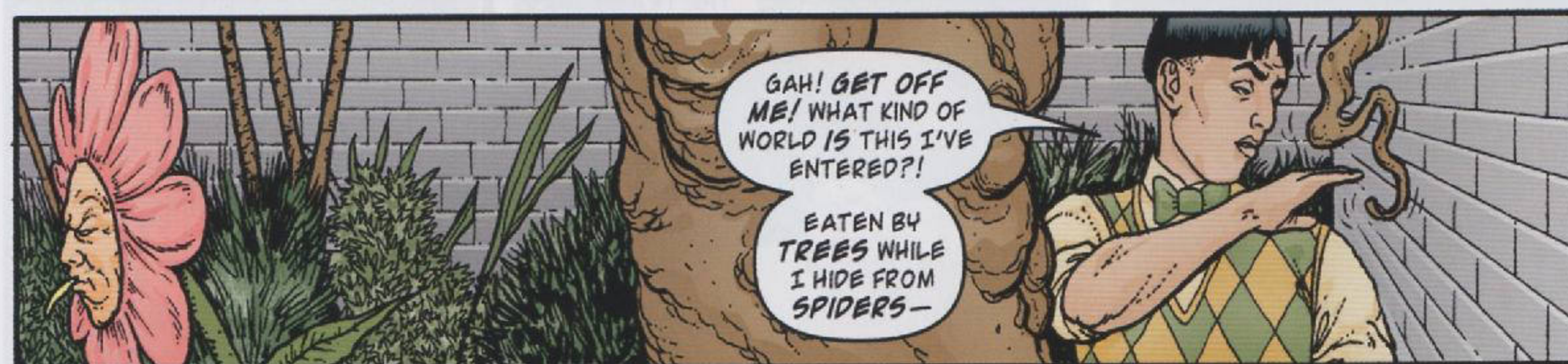
...KEEP AWAY FROM IT.

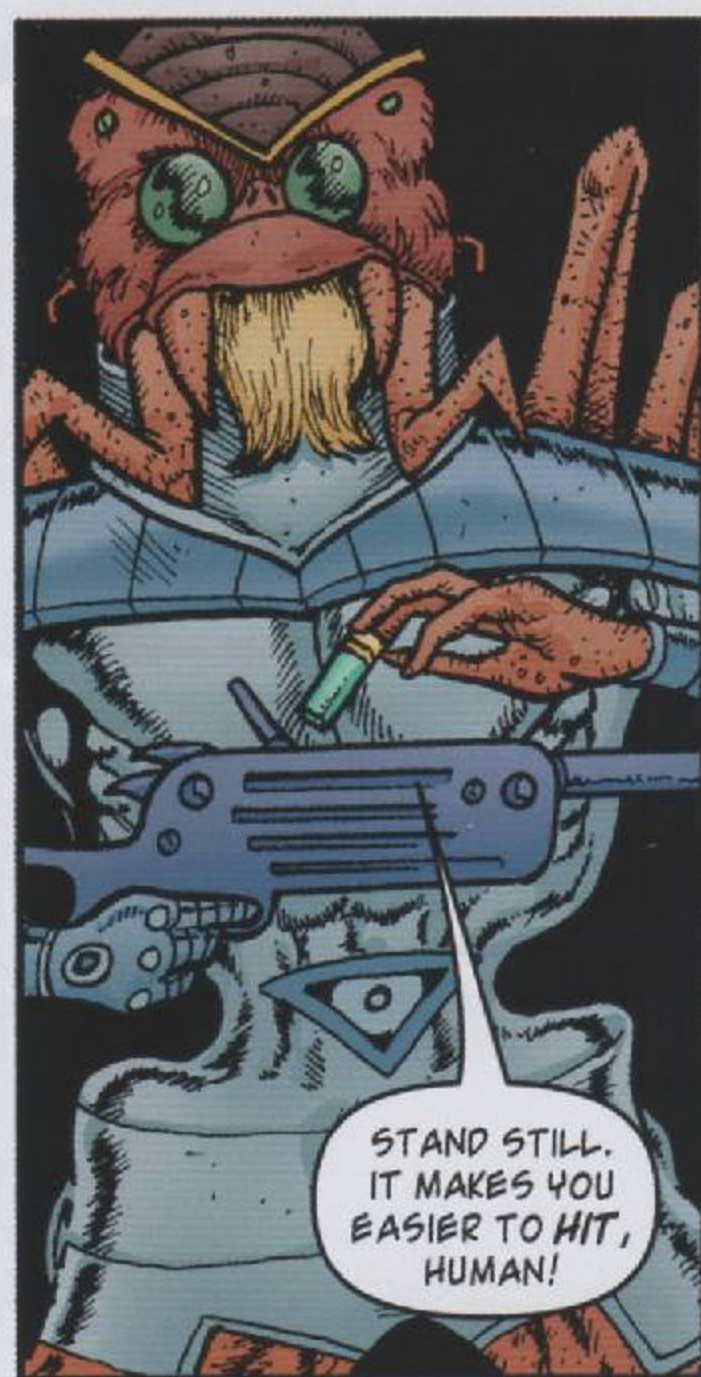
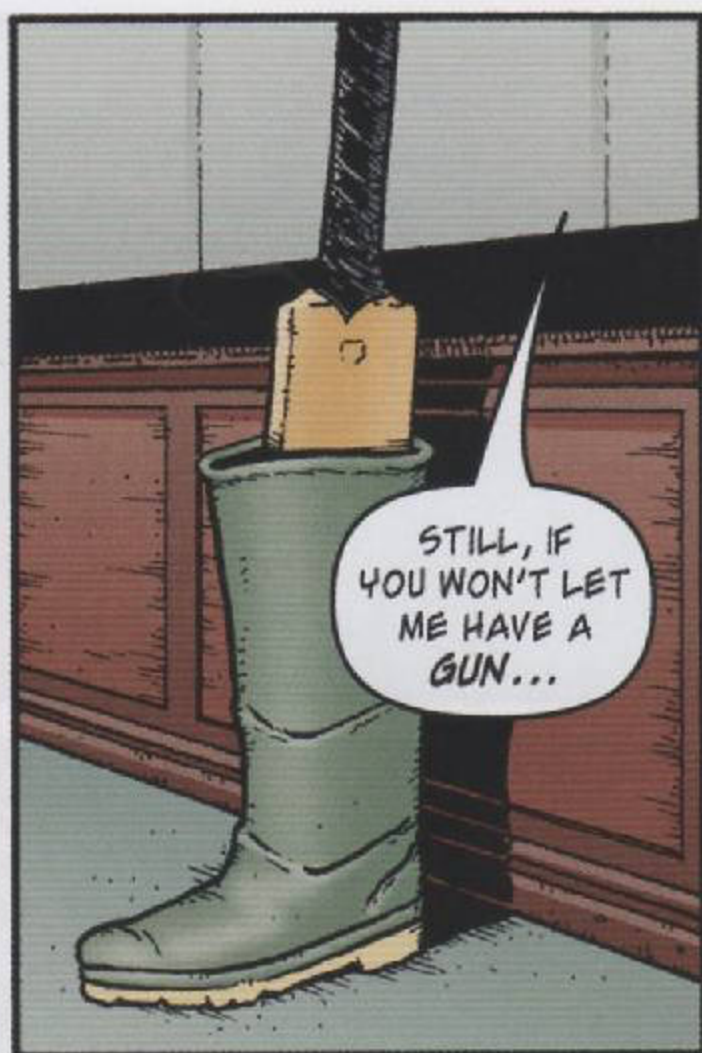
WHAT ABOUT THAT TEMPORAL GRACE YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT?



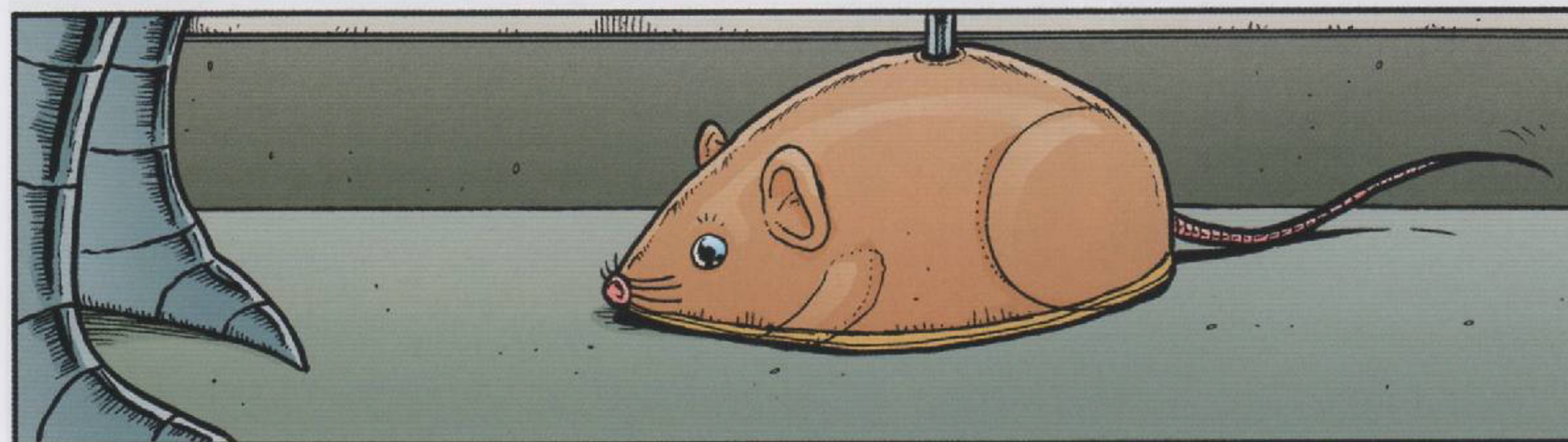
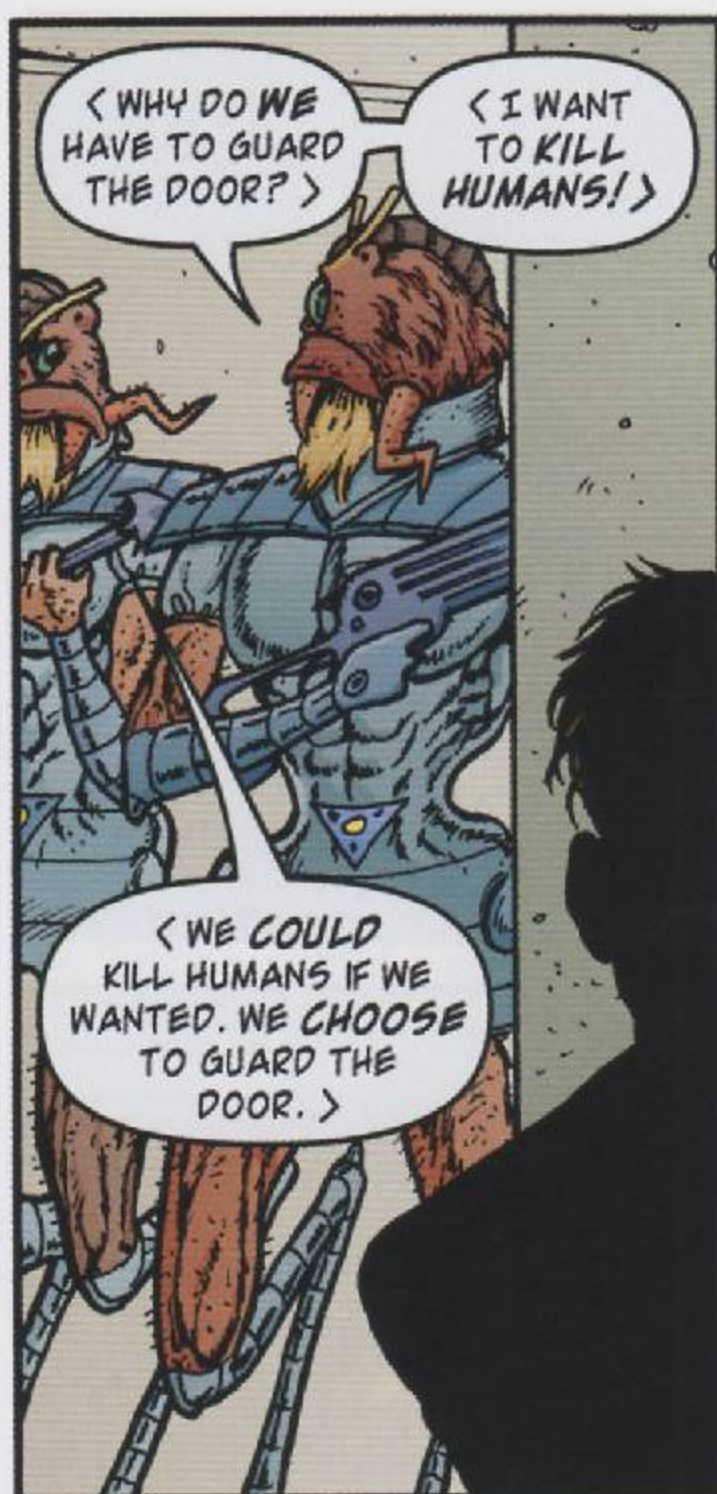
YEAH... I THINK THAT MIGHT HAVE GONE OUT THE SAME WINDOW AS THE CONSOLE ROOM.

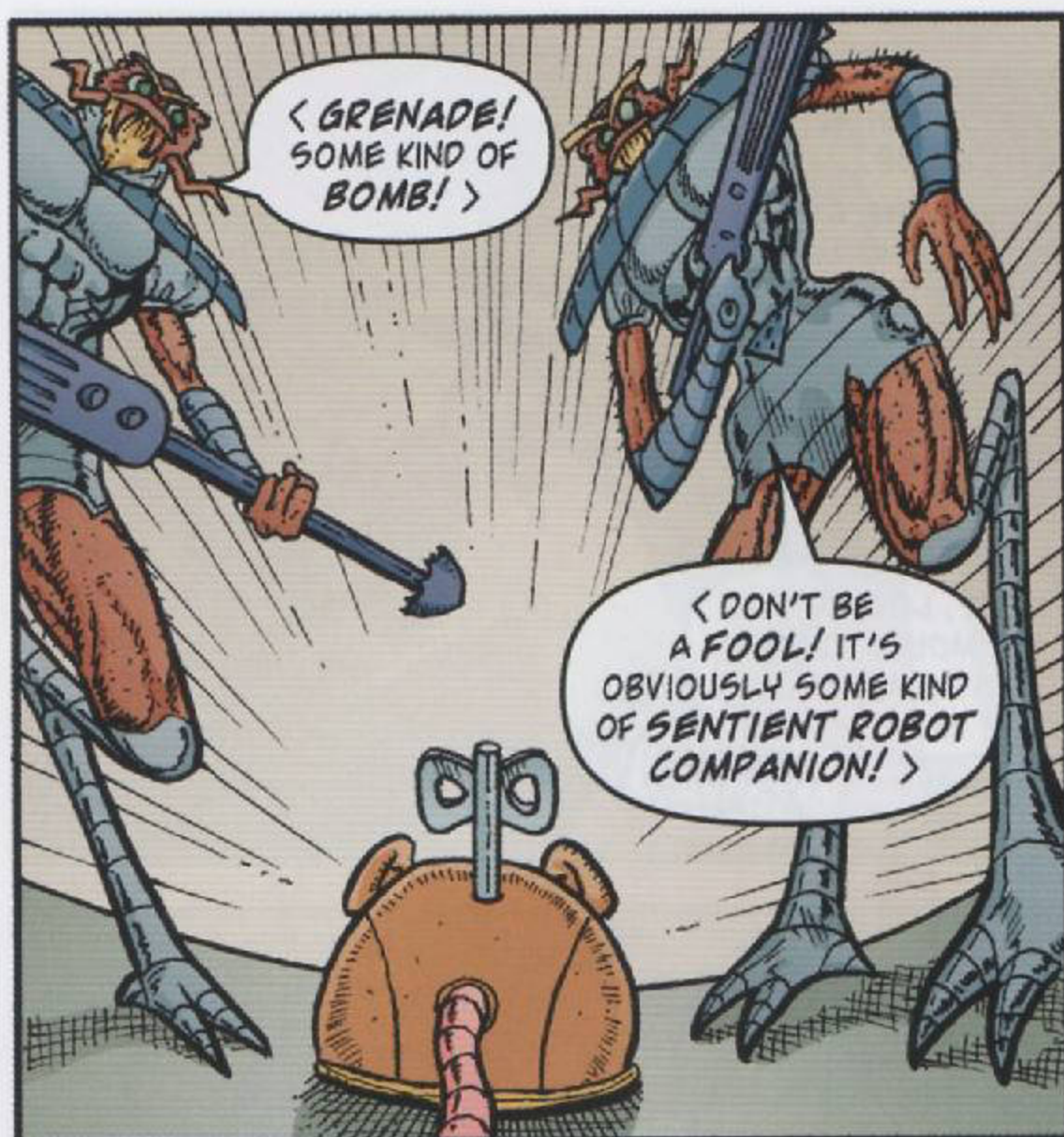


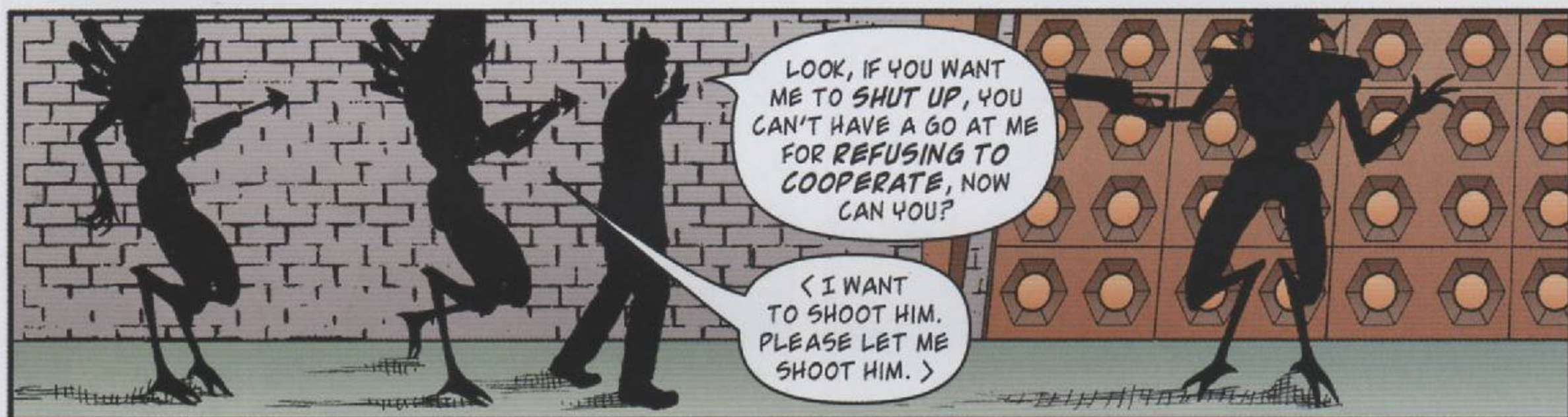
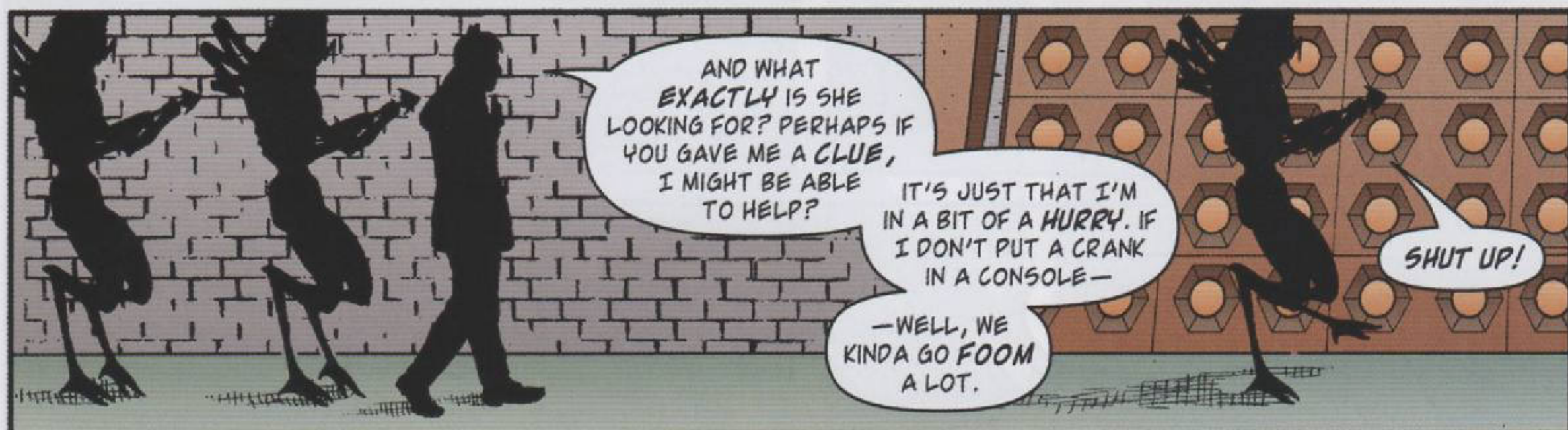
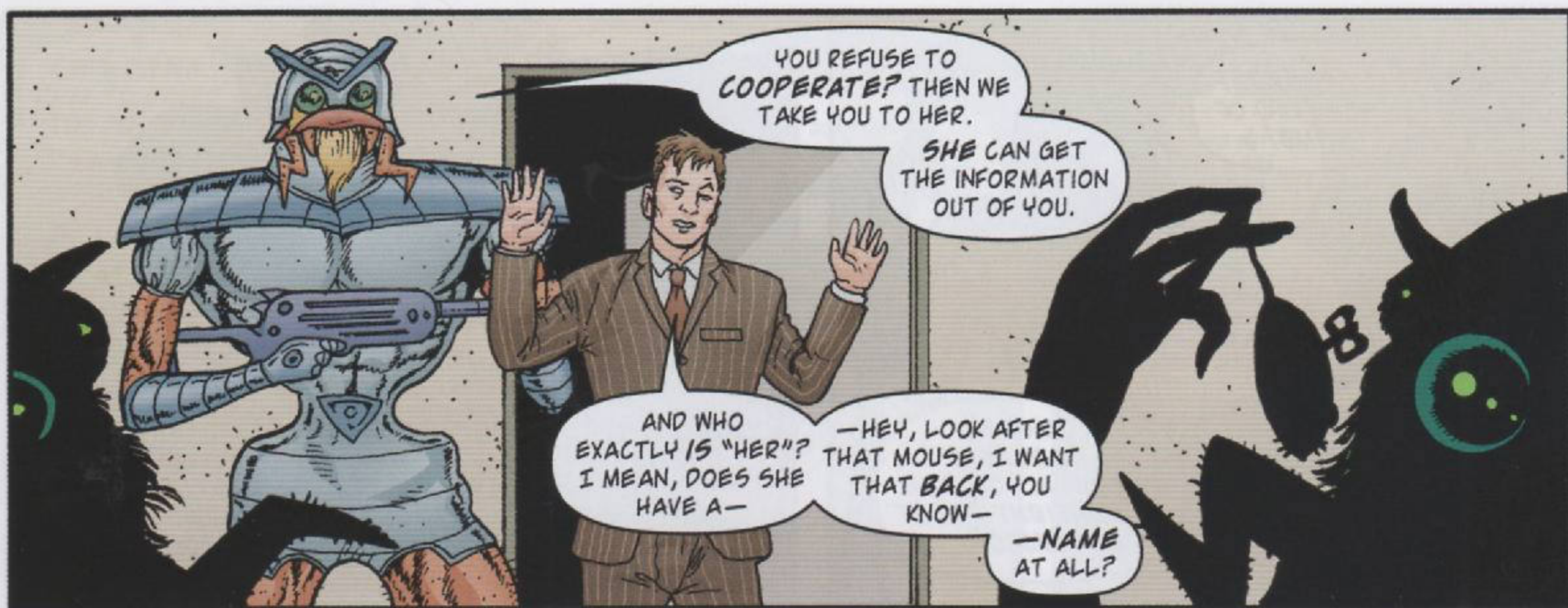
















IF I WAS SOME KIND OF
SHADOW-PROCLAMATION-
TECH-STEALING,
FIFTH-DIMENSIONAL
THIEF...

...WHAT WOULD I
BE LOOKING FOR IN
THE TARDIS?



COULD BE ANY NUMBER OF
THINGS—BEST TO JUST FIND THE
CONSOLE ROOM AND...
JUMP—

—YOU
KNOW...

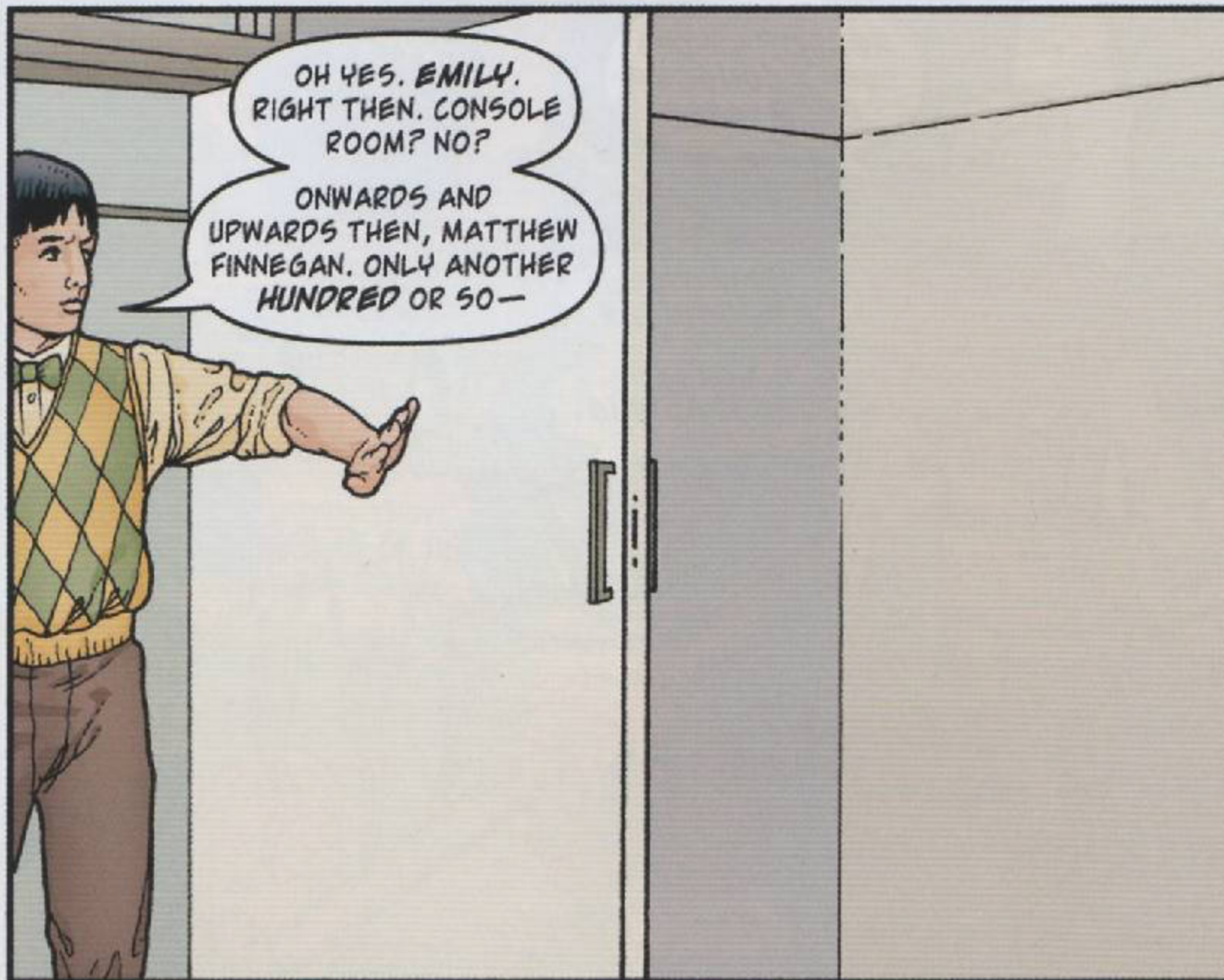


...I'VE NOT
BEEN HERE FOR
A WHILE.



SPIDERS!
GREAT BIG,
GUN-CARRYING
SPIDERS!

WHY DID I
EVER AGREE
TO THIS?!



OH YES. EMILY.
RIGHT THEN. CONSOLE
ROOM? NO?

ONWARDS AND
UPWARDS THEN, MATTHEW
FINNEGAN. ONLY ANOTHER
HUNDRED OR SO—

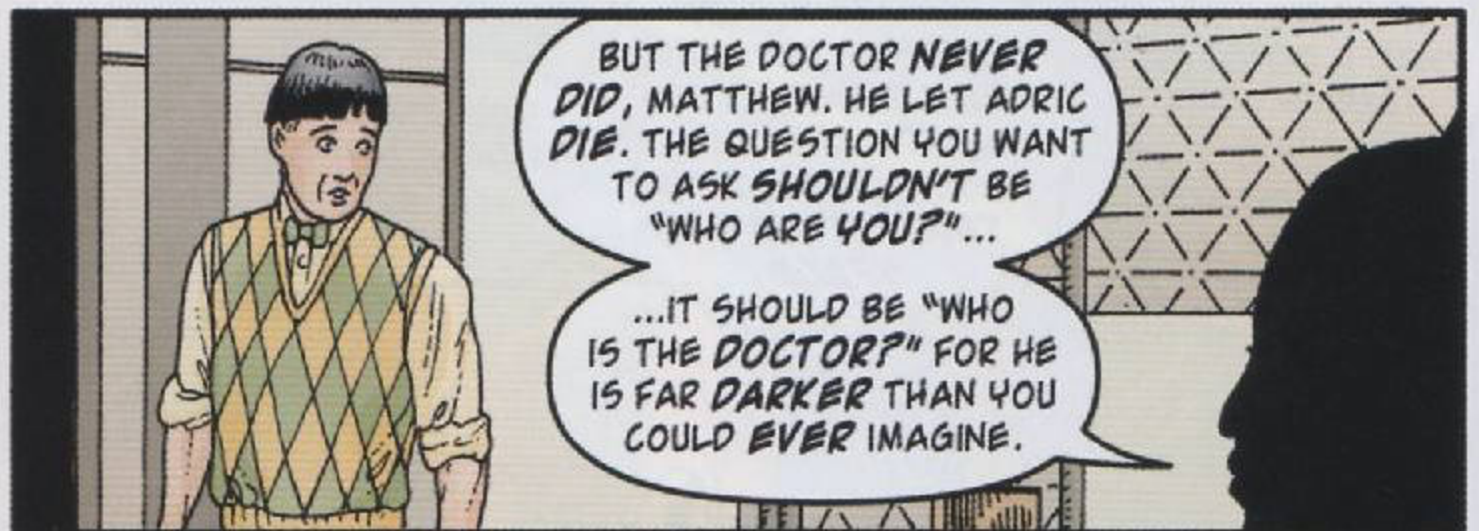


THIS WAS
ADRIC'S ROOM,
MATTHEW
FINNEGAN.



HE WAS A
COMPANION OF
THE DOCTOR, BUT HE
DIED A POINTLESS
DEATH...

...PLUMMETING
TO EARTH IN A
BURNING CRAFT
WITH ALL THE
TIME IN THE
WORLD TO BE
RESCUED.



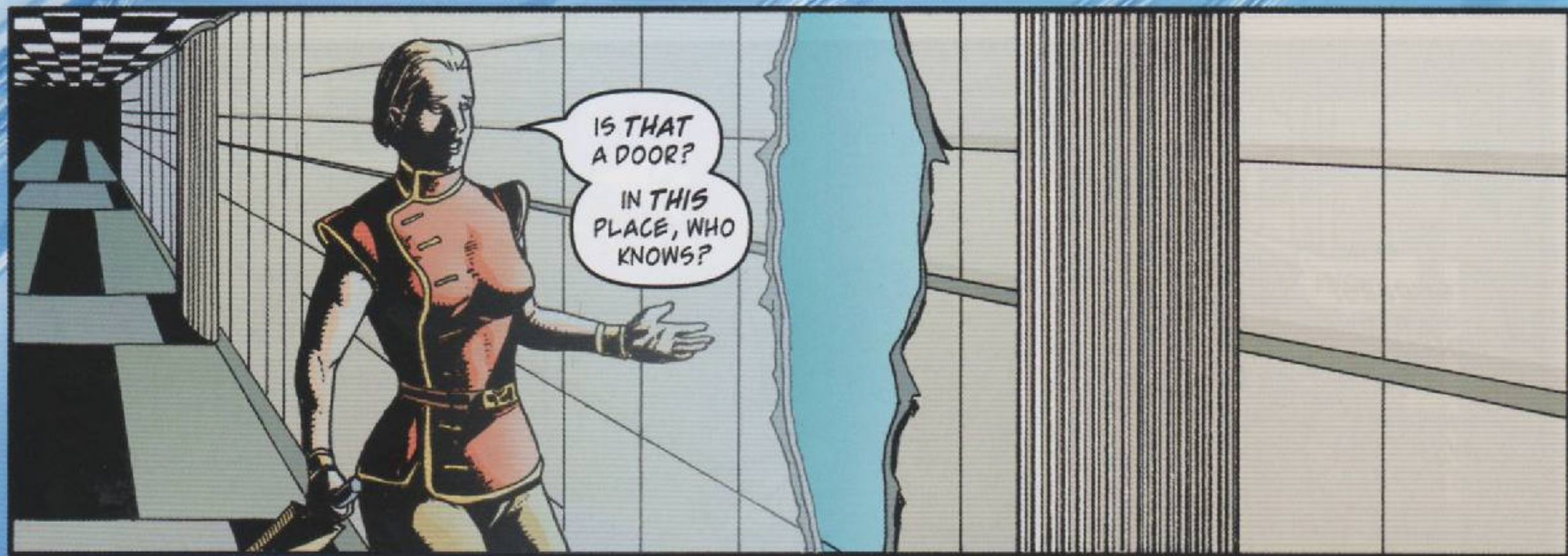
BUT THE DOCTOR NEVER
DID, MATTHEW. HE LET ADRIC
DIE. THE QUESTION YOU WANT
TO ASK SHOULDN'T BE
"WHO ARE YOU?"...

...IT SHOULD BE "WHO
IS THE DOCTOR?" FOR HE
IS FAR DARKER THAN YOU
COULD EVER IMAGINE.



COME, SIT WITH
ME. I'LL TELL YOU
THE STORY OF
ADRIC...

...AND HOW VISLOR
TURLOUGH ALMOST
SAVED THE UNIVERSE
BEFORE THE DOCTOR
TRICKED HIM.



IS THAT
A DOOR?
IN THIS
PLACE, WHO
KNOWS?



HELLO? ANYONE
SEEN A CONSOLE
ROOM HERE?

GREETINGS,
EMILYWINTER.
YOU ARE
TRESPASSING.

IT FIGURES. HE
HAS A BUNCH OF
ALIENS IN HIS
SHIP!
AND HOW DO
YOU KNOW MY
NAME?

YOU ARE NOT ON
YOUR SHIP ANYMORE,
EMILYWINTER. YOU
LEFT IT WHEN YOU
PASSED THROUGH THE
TEAR IN TIME AND
SPACE.

YOU NOW FLOAT IN
FIFTH-DIMENSIONAL
SPACE. EVERYWHERE
AT ONCE.

AS FOR HOW WE
KNOW YOU? WE SEE
EVERYTHING AS THE
HERE AND NOW.
THERE IS NO PAST,
NO FUTURE.

THERE IS
ONLY THE
PRESENT.

WE SEE YOUR
PAST, YOUR PRESENT,
AND YOUR FUTURES,
WHAT WILL BE AND
WHAT COULD
BE...

WE STAND BESIDE
YOU AS YOUR FATHER
LETS YOU TAKE YOUR
FIRST SHOT.

WE STAND BESIDE
YOU ON AN ALIEN WORLD
AS YOU *WEEP* BESIDE
A MEMORIAL TO A
FRIEND.

WE STAND
BESIDE YOU AS
WINTER TURNS
TO SPRING.

WE STAND
BESIDE YOU AS
YOU DIE SO THAT
YOU CAN LIVE.

...ALL AS
THE SAME MOMENT
IN TIME. WE STAND ON
EARTH. IN THE TARDIS.
BESIDE THE SOUL FREE.
AGAINST THE TERRONITES.
EVERYTHING.

I—I DON'T
UNDERSTAND! YOU'RE
IN ALL THESE PLACES?
AT ONCE?

WE ARE THE
TEF'AREE. WE HAVE
NO LINEAR TIME. AS I
SPEAK THESE WORDS TO
YOU, AS I PLAN MY
NEXT SENTENCE...

...I ALREADY KNOW
THE *OUTCOME* OF THE
CONVERSATION.

AND THAT
IS?

WE KILL YOU,
EMILY WINTER. FOR
YOUR TRESPASS.

BUT YOU JUST
TOLD ME YOU SAW MY
FUTURE! YOU CAN'T
KILL ME IF YOU'VE
SEEN MY FUTURE!

WE SAID
WHAT WILL BE
AND WHAT
COULD BE.

THE LATTER
WOULD HAVE BEEN FOR
YOU IF YOU NEVER CAME
HERE, BUT BY ENTERING
OUR REALM YOU HAVE
ENSURED YOUR
DESTINY.

NO,
PLEASE—

YOU HAVE
TRESPASSED FROM
THE **THIRD** DIMENSION
INTO OURS,
EMILYWINTER.

YOUR SHIP HAS
TORN OUR REALM IN
TWO. WE CANNOT—WE
DID NOT ALLOW THAT.
THEREFORE...

...THE
SENTENCE IS
DEATH!

NEXT: IMPLOSION!

NEXT MONTH ISSUE #8

DOCTOR • WHO™

